

Sept. 1, 1919.

Dear Helen:

Just a few lines
this evening. I did not hear
from you to day - not since
Friday. I live in such a
small town that the mail
is not delivered on a holiday.
I did not know it and got
up as usual and waited
until ten for the mail man
and then noticed in the

morning paper that the
mail would not be delivered. So
I dressed and went down
and watched the labor
parade. Say but it was
funny. Men riding in autos
I guess there was all of
500 cars and they all bore
signs "We are striking for
a living wage." Can you
imagine any thing like that.
And there are an awful

bunch of that crowd drunk
when I came home at 6.00. All
saloons are wide open.

I went to "Nothing But Lies"
at the Empire this afternoon and
I guess I will drop in the movies
to night.

I had something I wanted to ask you
but I can't think of it now so I
guess I will close with lots of
love I am

Your
Jim.